

New Mad Tom of Bedlam.

O R,

The Man in the Moon drinks Claret,
With Powder-beef, Turnep and Carret.
Tune is ~~Days~~ In-Bash.



Forth from my sad and darksome Cell,
O from the deep abyss of Hell,
Mad Tom is come to view the world again,
To see if he can ease his disordered Brain :
Fear and care both pierce the Soul,
Hark how the angry furies howl,
Pluto laughs and Proserpine is glad,
To see poor naked Tom of Bedlam mad :
Through the world I wander night and day,
To find my struggling senses,
In an angry mood I found old Time,
With's Pentarchy of Tenches,
When me he spers
Away he flies,
For time will stay for no Man,
In vain with cries,
I rend the Skies,
For pity is not common,
Cold and comfortless I lye,
Help, O help, or else I dye,
Hark I hear
Apollo's theme,
The Carman goes to whistle,
Chast Diana,
Bends her Bow,
The Bear begins to Bellow,
Come Vulcan with tools and with tackle;
Shake off my troublesome shackle,
Let Charles make ready his wain,
To bring my senses again.

Last night I heard the Dog-Star bark
Mars met Venus in the dark,
Heaping Vulcan bet an Iron-Bar,
And furiously did run at the God of War.
Mars with his Weapon laid about,
But Vulcan's Temples had the Gout,
His broad horns did so hang in his sight,
He could not see to aim his Blows aright :
Mercury the Risible Post of Heaven,
Stand still to see the Quarrel,
Correl bellied Baccus Spant-like,
Bestrid a strong Beer Barrel :
To me he drank,
I did him thank,
But I could get no Spider,
He drank whole Buts,
Till he crackt his guts,
But mine were ne'r the wider.
Poor naked Tom is very dry;
A little drink for charity :
Hark I hear
Adeon's bounds,
The huntsman whoops and hollows,
Ringing Ropier,
Bowman howler
At the Chase now follows,
The Man Ith soon drinks Claret,
With Powder beef Turnep and Carret,
A Cup of old Malago Sack,
Will fire the Bush at his back.

(W Thackeray on T. Parsinger.)

(1070-80)